

BRIDGEPORT CHRONICLE-UNION.

VOL. XXIX.

BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1891.

NO. 1,491.

CHRONICLE-UNION.

ALEX. C. FOLGER. ROBT. M. FOLGER.

Published by

R. M. & A. C. FOLGER

Every Saturday Evening.

TERMS:

For one year (in advance) \$3.00

For six months 1.75

For three months 1.00

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1864.

1890.

CHRONICLE-UNION, THE PIONEER

On the Eastern Slope of the
Sierra Nevada Mountains, in California.

The Oldest and Leading Paper in
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A RUSSIAN ROMANCE.

A Widower Refused to Part with the

Body of His Wife.

A romantic story, strange if true, is published, says Gilligant, of a wealthy Russian gentleman living in his own house on the banks of the Seine, who, for the last ten years, has kept in a box in a private room the embalmed body of his young wife. She was murdered a few days after marriage, and her sorrowing husband obtained the Czar's permission to take her body away with him. The discovery was made by the prying propensities of the cook left in charge of the house during the temporary absence of her master. There is a curious side to the story, which, if true, will need explanation. How was it that a police commissary, being informed of the discovery of a corpse in the house of a rich foreigner, should have left it there and simply written to the owner of the house for information? These gentlemen do not generally hesitate about making even forcible entries into houses in which they even suspect there is something they ought to know, see or take possession of. The law of France forbids absolutely the keeping of a dead body in any place but a cemetery. The Russian gentleman hopes to obtain special permission from high quarters to remain the custodian of his beloved relic. If not he threatens to leave the country rather than part with it.

Slept in a Life-Preserver.

An amusing instance illustrates the extreme of overcarefulness which some persons exhibit in their eagerness to avoid the danger of drowning while on steamboat trips. A young woman who was a passenger with some friends on one of the steamers leaving Boston for a Maine city was asked in the morning whether she had a comfortable night, and she replied that her sleep was disturbed because she had not got used to the life-preserver, which prevented her getting into an easy position. It turned out that she had fastened one of these bulky contrivances round her body on retiring for the night, and, imprisoned in its folds, she had become black and blue from the pressure of its hard canvas covering upon her. This example of extreme precaution in the use of life-preservers is a striking commentary on the need of simpler directions for their application.

WAYS OF CROCODILES.

Some of the Aquatic's Habits are Ex-

ceedingly Interesting.

As Artemus Ward says: "The crocodile is not handsome, but he has a very open countenance;" and some of the habits of this animal, as lately described by M. Voeltzkow, in Nature, are exceedingly interesting. Traveling in Wituland he obtained, in January last, seventy-nine new-laid eggs of the animal, from a nest which was five or six paces from the bank of the Wagogona, a tributary of the Ool in East Africa. For a space of some eighteen feet in diameter, a spot had been cleared of plants in a circle, apparently by the crocodile having wheeled around several times. A few branches had been laid here and there, but there was no nest-building proper. The nest (so-called) lay open to the sun, with the exception of a couple of bushes at one part. Four pits dug in the hard, dry ground, about two feet obliquely down, held the eggs, about eighty-five or ninety in number, including those broken in digging out. The natives told the traveler that the crocodile, having selected and prepared a spot, makes a pit in it that day, and lays about twenty or twenty-five eggs in it, which it covers with earth. Next day it makes a second pit, and so on. From the commencement it remains in the nest, and it sleeps there till the hatching of the young, which appears in about two months, when the heavy rain period sets in. The egg-laying occurs only once in the year, about the end of January or beginning of February. M. Voeltzkow disturbed the crocodile on its eggs, and saw it drop into the water; but from the look he got of it it seemed to be the *Crocodilus vulgaris*, so common in East Africa.—Demorest's Magazine.

What Prairie Dogs Look.

Prairie dogs, it appears from a recent letter by Dr. Wilder, lack the sense of distance. At Cornell University several of them walked off chairs, tables and window sills unhesitatingly. This is thought to be due to the nature of their unusual habitat, a plain, with no sharper inequalities than burrows and mounds. One adult female seemed to have wonderful immunity from the evil effects of falls; she once fell from the top of an elevator twenty-one feet high, and another time from a window sill about as high, on a granite pavement, but soon recovered.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

Some Strong Opinions and What Came of Them.

"Ugh!" said Will, with a most exaggerated shrug of disgust, "if there is any thing I do abominate above all other horrors, it is a strong-minded woman."

"Oh," said Millicent, grandly, "I should imagine you would feel more comfortable in the society of a weak-minded one."

"Now, I hope you are wiled," cried Teddy, with a grin of delight over Millicent's avowal. "For my part, I adore strong-minded women. My aversion is for one of your weak-and-better-women, who blight if you look at them, and can't say any thing but 'No sir,' or 'Yes, sir.' I mean to marry a female lawyer or a doctor."

Now, Teddy had commenced this speech with a smile so manifest that it had already been described as a grin, but as he proceeded, his face became clouded, and his emphasis was downright vicious.

Nobody in the room took much notice of the change, though Millicent smiled a little. As if Teddy Crawford's compliments could move her!

But there was another room adjoining the one in which these young people were chatting, and in that room a golden head drooped low, and blue eyes grew misty as Teddy spoke. Then Daisy Whyte lifted her head with a defiant look, and said:

"I don't care!" under her breath.

But as she said it, she softly opened the low French window and stepped outside.

Mrs. Furber, Millicent's aunt, had been giving a garden-party, and some of the most intimate friends, after most of the guests had departed, had sauntered into the wide drawing-room for a chat.

Teddy knew all Millicent's aspirations to rise above the routine of so-called woman's work. Teddy had gravely considered the conflicting attractions of art-studies, a medical course or law-study. Teddy wiped away the tears when Aunt Bertha positively forbade Millicent to have "nasty skulls" in her room, or to examine all the sores of the children in the village. It was Teddy who consoled Millicent when her first oil-painting was pronounced a "dreadful fault" by the few critics who viewed it, and Teddy presided over the funeral pyre of the work, and comforted the chief mourner.

After that, Teddy went abroad and Millicent studied fiercely, taking Latin in enormous doses, reading Greek like a professor, playing upon the grand piano only the most difficult of classical music, and trying to think she understood and enjoyed it.

When Teddy came home, Will Kraft had been six months in Everdale, having won his first cases in New York, and being a full-fledged lawyer. Everdale's romps were prone to speak of the two young men as rivals, although Will had lately taken rather a savage tone in speaking of women who were not content to be simply domestic angels and consider the broiling of beefsteak and darning of stockings as the chief end of woman.

But all this time, while conversation was lively in the drawing-room, and many merry voices favored one or the other of the opinions quoted above, Daisy Whyte was walking rapidly across the wide lawn past the tables where busy servants were clearing away the debris of the late festivity, through the rose-garden down to the old summer-house, where already she could see the glory of the western sky in the sunset.

It was a shabby, old summer-house, built right over the river; underneath was the boat-house, but of late years the only boat was a small one, in which Millicent often rowed about, when weary of brain-work.

Here Daisy was alone, hidden from the river by the ivy-clad walls, hidden from the house by a grove of trees. With nobody to see her, the pretty face lengthened, the blue eyes grew misty and the golden head drooped.

"Nobody will miss me," she thought, with a gloomy satisfaction. "There is Millicent and Carrie Tibbourn and Josie Payne and all the other girls, all rich enough to have a new dress for the party to-night. He wonder nobody cares for me in this old thing; and she gave her foot a swing against the crisp folds of the blue muslin dress. It might not have been quite new, but it was most exquisitely laundried by Daisy's own deft fingers, fitted to perfection and had ruffles white as snow at throat and wrists.

"A cheap affair," Carrie Tibbourn rustling in a new silk, had called it; but Daisy was at an age and had a face that made cheap affairs in dress a secondary consideration. With her peach-bloom cheeks, her soft, blue eyes, large and golden lashed, her dainty figure, her baby mouth, and cluster of foatery, yellow curls, she made the blue muslin appear the robe above all others suited to her beauty.

"All rich, or with rich relatives," she thought presently; "and they all let me feel that I am only here because Millicent is so good-natured. She is kind to me, and I—I wish I loved her more. I do! I am a wicked girl, I know; but—but she has a wicked thing, and I want so much! It is nearly the end of August, and in September I must go back to the seminary and teach scales and exercises to beginners. I can't even have the pleasure of finishing my work. Just as soon as my scholars begin to be a little credit to me, they are whisked off to Signor Foldacelli's, and he gets all

the praise I have earned. Oh dear! life is so hard!"

"Of course Millicent will marry Teddy, though I do not think she ought to flirt so much with Will Kraft, and Teddy adores her. He is always talking about her great intellect, and her wonderful power, and quoting her to me as a woman fit to wear a crown. I know I can't talk Greek, and I'm little and shy, but I don't think I am quite an idiot. I wish I was tall like Millicent, and had brown hair and eyes like Millicent, and could read Greek and Latin, and—"

The gay party in the drawing-room was thinking of breaking up, and some were already standing saying farewell to the hostess, when two men came in, white and pink-stricken.

"The old summer-house has given way, ma'am," one said to Mrs. Furber, "and there was some one there! We saw one of the young ladies go down—"

"Who?" was the cry from all.

"Oh!" said Millicent, wringing her hands, "it must be Daisy! Teddy dear—"

But Teddy was gone, swift as a flash. Teddy had missed the baby face long before. Teddy had been listening, through all the merry chat for the low, timid voice he could never win from its faint, shy tremor. Teddy had thrown one lightning glance around the room when the men came in, and was already flying across the lawn, through the rose-garden, down to that awful empty space where the summer-house had gone down with a crash into the water, while Daisy was longing to be like Millicent—for Teddy's sake.

One awful moment of agony stilled the young man's heart as he looked before him, then a shout reached him:

"Come this way, Mr. Crawford, we've found her!"

Three stalwart men were working at the ruin, and amid the timbers, the ivy and the flowering vines, all prostrated about her, lay Daisy, white and insensible.

"Is she dead?"

"No, sir! It's only a faint. I'll carry her up to the house," answered one of the men.

"And I'll go for a doctor," said another.

Dazed and feeling as if all brightness had been suddenly stricken out of his life, Teddy followed the strong-armed Irishman, who carried Daisy as easily as a child to the house. They met the whole merry party of a few minutes before, pale and sad enough now, and all turned back.

Teddy watched Millicent as she sped on ahead, prompt and self-possessed, leading the way to the first-floor bedroom, kept for a guest-chamber, and motioned the man who carried Daisy to put her on the bed. Then the door closed, and a dead silence fell upon the group of watchers.

Mrs. Furber went in, and, after a short delay, the doctor came.

By and by, Mrs. Furber came out, with a grave face.

"She is badly hurt," she said, "but we can not tell yet if there is danger."

Slowly, with words of sympathy, the guests withdrew, all except Teddy and Will Kraft.

It was long before Millicent came out, but she was very pale, as she went straight to Teddy.

"Teddy, dear," she said, tenderly, "you love Daisy?"

"Better than my life!" he answered, hoarse-ly.

"You shall see her. Stay one moment. She is terribly hurt, and—her voice grow husky—"there must be an operation. It may not succeed! You understand?"

He bowed his head silently.

"You will not excite her?" Millicent said, pleadingly. "She asked to see you."

"I will not trouble her," Teddy answered, and Millicent led him into the room, where Daisy lay upon the bed, white and trembling.

"Daisy," he whispered, tenderly, "my love, my darling!"

The great blue eyes flashed open in a glorious radiance that conquered fear and pain.

"You love me?"

The faint voice thrilled like music.

"I love you, Daisy. You will be brave now, for my sake."

"Yes, you! I only wanted to say goodbye, but now—"

"Now you will live to be my wife, my darling!"

"If God will!" she said, softly.

He kissed her with tender gentleness and left her to Millicent and the doctor.

An hour later, while he paced up and down the garden in an agony of hope and fear, the doctor came out.

"She is doing nicely," was the report; "with Millicent's nursing, she will recover. Millicent is a woman in a thousand."

"Isn't she?" said Teddy, heartily. "I never saw her equal."

"I'll!" said the doctor. "I always thought, Mr. Teddy, that you and Millicent—"

"Oh, bless you, no!" said Teddy, frankly; "she wouldn't have me on any terms."

"I'll!" But that poor, little crushed roebuck—

"You!" interrupted Teddy. "You'll come to the wedding?"

"Indeed, I will. Well! well!" and the doctor drove off, wondering a little at his friend's choice.

But Millicent, coming out in the dusk, after watching Daisy fall into a deep opiate sleep, found Will Kraft still in the drawing-room.

"Millicent," he said, coming to meet her, "can you forgive my concealed

speeches to-day? I was half mad with jealousy, because you seemed to care more for Teddy."

"Why, of course I do!" interrupted Millicent. "Teddy is the brother of my soul, and I am so glad he loves Daisy that I could sing for joy if I was not afraid of waking her."

"But, Millicent, if you lose your soul's brother, won't there be a vacancy in your heart, and Millicent—here an adoring arm crept round her waist—"won't you take my life's devotion—" and so on, and so on.

Daisy recovered, and if Will Kraft pointed some over Millicent's constant attendance in the sick-room, Teddy was always ready to share in the wait, and as "misty" like company, these two consoled each other, until one brilliant November day, when the sunshine seemed stolen from summer to shine upon the double wedding which Mrs. Furber gave to her niece Millicent, and the little orphan friend, Daisy Whyte.

And Everdale gossip still says: "Did you ever! Why, only a few months before, Teddy was railing at broad-and-butter girls, and Will at strong-minded ones!"—N. Y. Ledger.

ONE WOMAN'S NERVE.

She Asked to Exchange Some Trimmings Bought Nine Years Ago.

"The nerviest woman I have yet encountered was here this morning," confessed a clerk in a State street shop to a Chicago News reporter. "She came here with a small parcel and the remark: 'I want this taken back as I find I can't use it.'"

"I unfasted the wrapping and discovered this piece of trimming, which I supposed she bought within a few days, but you could have knocked me over with a feather when I read on the checks the date 1881."

"I told her I would ask Mr. X—the head of the department, in relation to it, and notwithstanding that nine years elapsed between the purchase and return, he took the goods back and refunded the money."

"Some bargain day in the dreamy long ago," continued the chatty clerk, "she probably picked up this piece of trimming, didn't want it, you know, but she thought it was a bargain and bought it. They say fashion repeats itself every seven years. In this instance it was nine, for that style is again in vogue."

The price on the check was \$1.00. Carefully brushing the trimming, the clerk labeled it \$1.80 and threw it among a lot of passementerie. I dallied around for about ten minutes, keeping my eye upon the famous bargain and was rewarded by seeing it purchased by a grumbling woman of about thirty-five, wearing the latest millinery abomination—a plaid velvet yachting cap.

The dry-goods firm was ahead twenty cents by the transaction, but oh! how did that original purchaser ever manage to keep the check intact for nine years?

Mixed Relationships.

Some years ago two farmers of Polk County, Ia., lost their wives by death. They naturally felt lonesome, and in due time began to think a second wife in each household would be a most excellent addition thereto. They were neighbors and friends, and each had a family of children, including one or more grown daughters. After careful consideration, each took the other's daughter as his second wife. Through these marriages children were born to each. These children now reside in Polk County. What was the relationship between the two men and their wives, and in what relationship did the children stand to each other and to the old folks? The old farmers were father-in-law to each other and also some-in-law to each other. Who will carry out the relationships of the mothers and their children?

HIS VIEWS ABOUT IT.

An Eloquent Candidate for the State Legislature Makes a Bad Break.

A few years ago a gentleman who had received a nomination in his county for the State Legislature was billed with other prominent speakers to open the campaign in a rousing mass-meeting at the county seat.

He was, according to the American Tribune, an eloquent speaker on questions in the abstract, logical in argument, profound in history, but woefully ignorant of the current news of the day. He seldom glanced at a newspaper. It was at a time when the celebrated Beecher-Tilton trial was in progress, yet it is doubted if the candidate had ever read that, there were such persons living. The day arrived and with it an immense throng of the sturdy yeomen of the country. The orator, as usual, began to dwell upon agricultural grievances. He went from one proposition to another until his listeners became tired. His eloquence was wasted and there was a disposition to chaff him. Finally, a man with a stentorian voice shouted: "What we want to know, and know explicitly, is how you stand on this Beecher-Tilton trial."

For an instant the orator was nonplussed. He knew no more about the matter than an Ashantee chief. He felt that a critical moment in his career had arrived. It was necessary that an answer should be made promptly. Gathering himself to his full height he calmly surveyed his audience, and then said: "I have not thoroughly studied the question, but I think if the people want it, they ought to be allowed to have it."

For an instant there was silence, then the applause was deafening, but the orator failed to secure a seat in the

CHRONICLE-UNION

BRIDGEPORT, JANUARY 31, 1891.

Entered at the Bridgeport Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

County Official Press.

SAN FRANCISCO AGENTS.

JOHN F. UHLERMAN, Manager of the Central & Northern California Press Association, No. 203 Bush corner of Montgomery street.
G. R. KILGORE, 230 Pine street.

Congressman Langston, of Virginia, recently introduced in the House the following joint resolution to amend the Federal Constitution in the matter of suffrage:

"That all elections for Members of Congress, Senators of the United States and Presidential Electors shall be by the people of the States, under such laws as Congress shall enact; provided that no elector shall be allowed to vote at any such election who cannot read and write the English language, and the basis of representation in each State shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of those allowed to vote shall bear to the whole number of male citizens 21 years of age in such State."

It was referred to the Committee on the Election of the President, Vice President and Members of Congress. The feeling that there are too many voters in this country is seemingly spreading.

With tin buckets, tin pails, tin pie plates and various other tin articles of household use piled up in the Ways and Means Committee room at Washington, as Congressman Niedringhaus's practical demonstration of what his new tin plate works are turning out every day at St. Louis, it will be difficult for the free trade organs to longer deny that American tin plate is maturing under the McKinley bill. Of course, the denials will be continued—the free trade organ is breathless, indeed, when it cannot emit a denial without any basis whatever—but we are going to make tin plate in this country to supply this country without their leave—N. Y. Press.

STATE MINING REPORT.—We are indebted to Wm. Irwin, Jr., State Mineralogist for a copy of his annual report, a volume of nearly a thousand pages. Mono and Alpine counties were written up by Dr. H. De Groot, who indulges in the lugubrious to some extent. The report is accompanied by a number of maps of the Placer county mines, and it looks like booming that section at the expense of the taxpayers of the State.

A bill is before the Legislature, requiring that all criminals sentenced to death shall be removed to the San Quentin State Prison, immediately after being sentenced, and executed there. This is the law in New York and other States, and should be in this State.

William Brotherton, of Napa, will shortly start for New York, on foot and push wheelbarrow with 95 pounds weight, and make the trip inside of 6 months. He will go the Southern route a distance of 4,000 miles. He will be accompanied by his dog.

Governor Taylor, of Tennessee, goes out of office with record of granting 801 pardons in four years, and the nickname of the "Pardon Governor." Taylor and Waterman should "shake."

Three Alliance members of the Illinois Legislature are preventing the election of United States Senator. Perhaps they think the Senatorial lightning may strike one of them.

On Saturday morning last the fog was so thick on the bay at San Francisco that the Oakland boats narrowly escaped serious collisions.

Canada complains that she has not been invited to take part in the Columbian Exposition.

The County officers at Stockton have moved into the new Court House, which has cost \$350,000.

The Sonoma Democrat, of Santa Rosa, has been appointed the official paper of Sonoma county.

It is a good thing for the country that the Republicans of New Hampshire have retired the cranky Senator Blair.

The Lone Echo says the work of building the School of Industry building is progressing finely.

The Indian School at Carson has been named the "Stewart Institute," a compliment to Senator Stewart.

John Jacob Astor, of New York, is to marry Miss Ava Willing, of Philadelphia. Many young ladies would be willing.

The new railroad from Oakland to Merced is in operation.

They have been having disastrous floods in Germany from the melting snows.

Burglars, garroters, and petty thieves are working pretty lively in Sacramento.

Germany is not yet ready to smack her lips over the American hog.

East begins February 11th.

Isn't this been a lovely month!

IT SHOULD PASS.

There is a bill before the Legislature to compel fire insurance companies to give the County Assessors a list of insured property and amount insured for. Senator Gough, in speaking to the bill, said he knew a firm, that had been assessed \$15,000, to go before a Board of Equalization and ask to have it reduced to \$7,500. A few days after, the same stock of goods was burned, and then this honest firm demanded \$75,000 insurance—the amount this \$7,500 stock was insured for. As insurance companies do not insure for over two-thirds the value of the property, and often not so high, this \$7,500 or \$15,000 stock must have been worth over \$100,000! If the insurance companies paid over \$7,500 for the stock, they wronged their stockholders, as the firm had to make oath before the Board of Equalization as to the value of its stock, which, the law says, must be assessed at its cash value. This is a fair sample of the assessing done in this State. Those who have the most and are abundantly able to pay taxes are favored by the Assessors, who make the small fry make up for the exemptions of the rich. The \$35,000 stock in San Francisco is assessed for \$5,000, while the poor devil next door, who has a \$5,000 stock, will be listed for \$3,500 or \$4,000, a penalty for not being rich. The assessing of San Francisco is done by a regiment of Deputy Assessors, many of whom cannot look through a silk dress pattern, for their wives, and see a large stock of silks, satins and velvets; but when they visit the little thread and needle store "around the corner" there is no impediment to their seeing the entire stock, and it is assessed for all it may be worth. If the Assessors were paid a percentage on the amount of their assessment rolls many of the rolls would be much higher than they have been. The bill referred to should become a law.

The bill providing for the semi-annual payment of taxes has passed the Senate by an almost unanimous vote. It provides for the payment of the personal property tax in December, and the real estate portion in May, when the tax becomes delinquent and will be advertised. Under this Act our taxes will be paid up very closely, and the delinquent lists will be very small throughout the State. The money paid in December will be paid out by the Supervisors in January and April, and put in circulation to assist in the payment of the May instalment, which, in turn, will be put in circulation in July and October, to do duty in December. It will pass the Assembly without opposition, and there will be no more locking up in the County and State Treasuries of all the money in the State in the Holiday season, when a fellow wants a little money to buy his best girl a Christmas present.

General Miles has done nobly in bringing the Indian troubles to a close without a bloody war, and deserves well of his country; and who knows that he will not come to the front in '92 as a popular candidate for the Presidency. The management of this Indian campaign shows that he is no "scrub."

One of the first bills introduced in the Nevada Legislature was to provide for the payment of the members, and it will be the most important bill, to the members, to be passed.

NEW TO-DAY.

CONCERT

AT
BRYANT'S HALL.

ON

THURSDAY EVENING.
FEBRUARY 5th, 1891.

THE PROGRAM

will consist of Solos, Du-
ettes, Quartettes and
Chorus.
Master AMMIE BRYANT as little
AH MID;
Admission, 50 cents; Children, 25 cents.

Dancing after the Concert.

Mrs. Frank Hanson will serve supper in
the Hall.

SEALED PROPOSALS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT SEALED Bids will be received by the Board of Supervisors of Mono County, California, until April 1st, 1891, for furnishing stationery required for the use of the County of Mono and its officers, for the year 1891.

The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.
All bids must be addressed to the Board of Supervisors, Bridgeport, Mono County, California; and indorsed "Sealed proposals for Stationery."
Bridgeport, Mono County, January 10, 1891.
J. D. MURPHY, Clerk.

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30000.00 a year is being made by John S. Goodrich, (reg. B. 3) on work. For each Reader you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from \$10 to \$100 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Each week all are, in any part of America, you can earn at home, either all your time or spare moments only to the work. All is new, and you may make \$100 in every week. We start you, furnishing everything, and you may make \$100 in every week. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at THE CHRONICLE-UNION, 203 BUSH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.



THE LUNGS AND ADIPOSE.—What is it that makes actors and actresses inclined to stoutness? The question is still more pertinent concerning singers. "It requires flesh to sing," said a dramatic critic. But is flesh the cause or effect? According to the latest experiments on physical treatment it is possible to add this flesh by the simple and systematic expansion of the lungs in a pure atmosphere. It has long been the custom of some people to try this scheme of increasing their weight by wind, but beyond their own satisfaction it has not until recently been suspected of material benefit. Now it is said that a pure atmosphere and active and extreme expansion of the lungs greatly assist in the assimilation of food, and results in an increased tendency to fleshiness. The people of the rostrum and the stage must continually fight flesh.

The Election Bill has been squelched in the Senate. As that has been a "house of contention," we hope the Senate will now go ahead with business for the good of the entire country.

LEGAL

Final Proof.

LAND OFFICE AT SACRAMENTO, CAL.
January 21, 1891.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim to the land described in and to be made before Hon. N. D. Arnot, Superior Judge of Alpine County, Cal., at Markleville, Cal., on
MARCH 17th, 1891.

Wm. WILLIAM MAXWELL, of Alpine Co., Cal., who made L. S. No. 100 for the W. 1/2 of Lot 1 W. 1/2 of Sec. 7 and Lot 8 of Sec. 1 T. 10 N. R. 12 E. M. 1.
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:
T. H. Hawkins, of Woodford, Alpine Co., Cal.; C. S. Payne, of Woodford, Alpine Co., Cal.; Thomas Barker, of Woodford, Alpine Co., Cal.; Washington Young, of Woodford, Alpine Co., Cal.
J. E. W. ROBERTS, Register.

Timber Land Notice.
T. L. E. No. 289.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
Independence, Cal.,
January 8th, 1891.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN COMPLIANCE with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," HARRISON B. Eddy, of Silver Lake, Cal., of Douglas, State of Nevada, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 289 for the purchase of the
8 W. 1/2 of N. 1/2 W. 1/2 of S. W. 1/4 Sec. 34, T. 9 N. R. 22 E. and Lot No. 4, of Section 34, in Township No. 8, S. N. Range No. 22 E. M. D. M. and will offer proof to show that the land is more valuable for its timber or for use than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and the clerk of the office at Independence, Cal., on
24 day of APRIL, 1891.

He names as witnesses:
Thomas B. Hickey, of Carson City, Nevada.
James Peter Christensen, of Independence, Nevada.
Douglas Jennings, of Sheridan, Douglas county, Nevada.
Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are required to file their claims in this office on or before said 24 day of April, 1891.
C. W. CRAIG, Register.

SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Mono, State of California.
JOHN WATSON, Plaintiff, vs. ESTHER ANN WATSON, Defendant.
Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Mono, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said County of Mono in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.
C. H. HAYES, Plaintiff's Attorney.
The People of the State of California and Greeting to ESTHER ANN WATSON, Defendant.
You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Mono, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.
The said action is brought to obtain judgment against you to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file in this action, a copy of which accompanies this summons, and to which you are hereby referred, as will more fully appear by reference to the Complaint on file therein.
And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.
Given under my hand and Seal of the Superior Court, of the County of Mono, State of California, this 6th day of January, A. D. 1891.
J. D. MURPHY, Clerk.
By R. BARNARD, Deputy Clerk.
Indorsed: No. 827. Superior Court, County of Mono, State of California, Department No. 1. John Watson, Plaintiff, vs. Esther Ann Watson, Defendant. Filed Jan. 6th, 1891.
J. D. MURPHY, Clerk.
By R. BARNARD, Deputy Clerk.
CHAS. L. HAYES, Attorney for Plaintiff. ja17 2m

W. A. R. LOOSE,
ASSAYER AND
METALLURGIST.

BODIE, CALIFORNIA.

\$3000 A YEAR! I understand to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, how to read and write, and who after instruction, will work on file in this action, a copy of which accompanies this summons, and to which you are hereby referred, as will more fully appear by reference to the Complaint on file therein.

THE
CHRONICLE-UNION
IS THE
PIONEER JOURNAL
OF THE EASTERN SLOPE OF THE
SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS.
IN CALIFORNIA.

A Good Law.—The Penal Code of the State of New York makes it a misdemeanor for any person to furnish the editor, reporter, manager, publisher of any paper magazine, or other publication, libelous statements concerning any person or corporation, and secure the actual publication of the same. This is a good law, and it would be well if every State had one like it.



A SCARED EDITOR.
A rugged farmer stalked into the medium with a big whip under his arm.
"Be you the editor?" "I am," was the half apprehensive reply.
"Here's two dollars—send me your paper, for life," he said.
"You see," he went on, "our daughter was sick and like to die; she dropped and grew weak and pale, had headaches, no appetite, black, achy, bands and feet like ice, couldn't sleep, backed with cough, and we thought she had consumption. No medicine helped her until she tried that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription mentioned in your paper, when she became as a rose—put me down as a life subscriber."
Now the editor is looking for another scare. The medicine has cured thousands afflicted as was the farmer's daughter, restoring the normal functions to healthy action, and removing the obstructions and suppressions which caused her trouble. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. It is a legitimate medicine, not a beverage. Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no sugar or sugar to sour or ferment in the stomach and cause dyspepsia.
For a Book of 100 pages on Woman: Her Diseases, and How to Cure them, (sent sealed in plain envelope) enclosing ten cents in stamps, to WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 633 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS Purify Blood, Laxative, or Cathartic, according to size of person. Cheapest, Sugar-coated and Pleasant to take. Cure Bile, Headaches, Indigestion, Constipation, by drug stores. 25 cents a box.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TARIFF LITERATURE FOR ALL.

THE AMERICAN PROTECTIVE TARIFF LEAGUE is publishing a most valuable series of Tariff documents. These are prepared with a view to state the facts and arguments for and against the tariff in the interest of farmers, laborers, merchants or professional men. Each issue of the series appeals to those engaged in separate industries, and presents indisputable facts—comparisons of wages, cost of living, and other arguments showing the benefits of free trade.
Any single one will be sent on receipt of 2 cents in stamps except "Wages, Living and Tariff," which will be sent free of charge. The whole set will be sent for 20 cents or any twelve for 20 cents, or any five for 10 cents, postage paid. Order by number.

1—"Wages, Living and Tariff." B. A. HARRIS.
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3—"The Tariff and the Laborer." B. A. HARRIS.
4—"The Tariff and the Merchant." B. A. HARRIS.
5—"The Tariff and the Professional Man." B. A. HARRIS.
6—"The Tariff and the Soldier." B. A. HARRIS.
7—"The Tariff and the Sailor." B. A. HARRIS.
8—"The Tariff and the Shipowner." B. A. HARRIS.
9—"The Tariff and the Shipbuilder." B. A. HARRIS.
10—"The Tariff and the Shipper." B. A. HARRIS.
11—"The Tariff and the Shipper." B. A. HARRIS.
12—"The Tariff and the Shipper." B. A. HARRIS.
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14—"The Tariff and the Shipper." B. A. HARRIS.
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16—"The Tariff and the Shipper." B. A. HARRIS.
17—"The Tariff and the Shipper." B. A. HARRIS.
18—"The Tariff and the Shipper." B. A. HARRIS.
19—"The Tariff and the Shipper." B. A. HARRIS.
20—"The Tariff and the Shipper." B. A. HARRIS.

P. G. HUGHES.

BLACKSMITH AND
WAGON MAKER.

BRIDGEPORT, CAL.

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AND GENERAL JOBBING.

HOMER E OSBORN.

GENERAL BROKER IN

Merchandise, Fire, Life and

Accident Insurance,
510 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.

MONEY

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

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Daily Express Trains make prompt connections with the several Railway lines in the East, AND AT
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ALL EUROPEAN PORTS.

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TOURIST-SLEEPING CARS
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Tickets sold, Sleeping Car Berths assigned and proper information given upon application at the Company's Offices, where passengers calling in person can secure choice of routes, etc.

Orders held at Lowest Rates for tickets for passage from Europe and Eastern Cities to any point in the Pacific States and Territories. These Orders, if not used, will be redeemed at the full amount paid therefor.

RICH'D ORAY, T. H. GOODMAN,
Gen. Traffic Manager. Gen. Pass. Agt.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

RAILROAD LANDS
For Lands in Central and Northern California, Oregon, Nevada and Utah, apply to or address
W. H. MILLS, Land Agent, C. P. R. R.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

For Lands in Southern California, apply to or address
JEROME MADDEN, Land Agent, S. P. R. R.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

EASTWALKER RIVER TOLL
ROAD.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE rates of tolls on the
EAST WALKER RIVER WAGON ROAD are as follows:

Buggy team,.....\$1.50
Loaded wagon and two animals,.....1.00
Each additional pair of animals,.....50
Horseman,.....25
Pack animals, each,.....25
Saddled and shod, each,.....50
Lower stock, each,.....50
Empty teams, half-price.

BIG MEADOWS AND BODIE TOLL
ROAD.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE rates of tolls on the
BIG MEADOWS AND BODIE WAGON ROAD are as follows:

No deadheads will be permitted to pass on the road.
All tolls will be required to be paid at the time of passing the toll gates, as no credit is given.

Buggy team,.....\$1.50
Loaded wagon and two animals,.....1.00
Each additional pair of animals,.....50
Horseman,.....25
Pack animals, each,.....25
Saddled and shod, each,.....50
Lower stock, each,.....50
Empty teams, half-price.

SEWING MACHINES.



THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE COMPANY.

Pacific Department—Distributing Office,
725 Market Street, History Building,
SAN FRANCISCO.

TYPE METAL

For Sale at

This Office

THE CHRONICLE-UNION

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR.

A CIRCULAR FAMILY JOURNAL.

THE LEADING PAPER

OF

MONO COUNTY.

HOTELS

OCCIDENTAL
HOTEL,
Main Street.

BODIE,.....CALIF.
N. W. BOYD,.....Proprietor

THE ABOVE HOTEL WILL BE conducted as first-class in all its Departments.

The Table Cannot Be
Excelled.

THE ROOMS ARE FIRST-CLASS.
Being Heated and Kept scrupulously Clean.
Very Best Attention, as well as the Best Accommodations.

HOT SPRINGS HOTEL,
SAMUEL FALES,.....Proprietor

JUNCTION OF THE ANTELOPE AND
SONORA WAGON ROADS,
15 miles from Bodie and 20 from Bodie,
MONO COUNTY, CALIF.

This well-known and popular summer resort is pleasantly situated on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, amid wild and picturesque scenery, which offers superior inducements for tourists. The best of accommodations for families, the rooms being large and airy. For invalids the

STEAM, MUD AND SWIMMING BATHS
The best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars at the Bar.
Good Fishing in Walker River.
Commodious Stabling.

BARNETT'S HOTEL,
COLEVILLE, MONO COUNTY, CALIF.

telescope Wagon Road, 20 miles from Coarse City and 21 from Bodie.

D. M. BARNETT,.....Proprietor

This hotel is new, commodious, and pleasantly situated.

The table is supplied with the best of market affords.

The BAR is supplied with the best of Wines, liquors and cigars.
Stabling and blacksmith shop connected with the house.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

R. S. MINER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Bridgeport, Mono County, Cal.

Will practice in all the Courts of California and Nevada. Mining litigation will receive special attention.
ja17-4f

H. M. EDDY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
BRIDGEPORT, MONO CO., CAL.

Will practice in all the Courts of the State of California.
Land, Mining, and Water Rights, a specialty.
Office—Court House.
ja24

W. O. PARKER, P. W. BENNETT,
BRIDGEPORT, CAL. STOCKTON, CAL.

BENNETT & PARKER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY,
CALIFORNIA. ja18-4f

FRANK P. WILLARD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BODIE, MONO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

Water Rights, Land and Mining Litigation a specialty.
47-2m

CHARLES L. HAYES,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PIONEER SALOON,
CORNER OF COURT HOUSE BLOCK AND
MAIN STREET,
BRIDGEPORT.

Refitted and furnished with the BEST of everything required in a First-Class Saloon
an2-4f Y. M. RICHARDSON.

BRIDGEPORT SALOON,
CORNER OF MAIN AND SINGLAIR STREETS
BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL.

This SALOON has been refitted, and is stocked with the BEST of WINES, LIQUORS and CIGARS:
And will be conducted first-class.

22-4f B. L. SIMMONS, Proprietor

Pasture.

D. M. & H. P. BARNETT ARE PREPARED to Feed and Shelter Stock during the Winter, at their Ranch in Antelope Valley, at reasonable rates. The hay is of the "Piedmont," and consists of a mixture of wild grass and alfalfa. For further particulars, Address,
an2-4f D. M. & H. P. BARNETT.

EVERYBODY
READS THE
CHRONICLE-UNION—\$3 PER YEAR.

CHRONICLE-UNION.

BRIDGEPORT, JANUARY 31, 1901.

County Official Press.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Personal.

Wm. Boardman, of Little Antelope, was here on Tuesday.

Ex-Superintendent Clay Hampton went to Antelope on Wednesday.

T. F. Fitzpatrick of Smith Valley, was here on Wednesday on Probate business.

Ex-County Clerk Kister arrived last night from San Francisco in the interest of a San Francisco firm. He will leave again on Monday.

B. T. Pierce and George Esh, of Lundy, are in town.

H. F. Sanford, of Lundy, has been in town most of the week.

James Sturgeon is over from Castleton.

Postmaster Hays, who has been sick, is about again.

A RICH SILVER STRIKE.

Last week we referred to a rumor that a rich strike had been made by A. F. Sayre, in one of his mines in the Patterson District, and about eight miles north of Bridgeport. We are glad at being able to say that this week the report has been confirmed, Mr. Sayre having made a rich strike in his Homestake tunnel, which he has been running from Silverado canyon. All who have visited the Homestake agree as to its being a rich strike, there being, at least, accounts from the mine, at least three feet of rich silver ore in sight. W. A. Irwin, late Superintendent of the Bodie Con., laid over at Sweetwater, on his way to San Francisco, and examined the new strike, which he considers a valuable one, and he is still there watching the prospect. This is an encouraging strike, as it shows a permanent ledge, Sayre having previously taken out good ore in the upper workings; and will strengthen the faith our people have in the "coming out" of the Patterson District. We congratulate friend Sayre on his good prospects, as there is no one in the District more deserving, as he has done much hard work in it.

DANGEROUSLY ILL.—The Mono friends of Captain John Kelly will be saddened to learn that he is seriously ill at his home in San Francisco. The S. F. Evening Post says:

"Captain John Kelly, formerly superintendent of the Bodie, is lying at his residence, 410 Franklin street, dangerously ill. The Captain came to this city some time ago, having resigned his position, and has been confined to his room ever since. He contracted what is known as the miner's consumption, and his friends have but little hope of his recovery. Mr. Mackey, his son-in-law, arrived here from Nevada a few days ago. Captain Kelly is well known on this coast, having been connected with the mining business for many years. He has always enjoyed an enviable reputation as a 'square, up and up' man in all his dealings, and the family has the sympathy of all who know him, either socially or in a business way."

SHORT LIVED.—As expected, the connection of Alfred V. Morgan with the Miner has ended. During the two months he had the management, it had become a respectable paper, and was emerging from its dilapidated condition. It will tumble into the old rut, having been cut down to half the size run by Morgan.

THE WINTER.—Two of the winter months have gone, and only two snowstorms have occurred in this valley—leaving a deposit of only five inches. The cold nights and moderately warm days have retained the snow, and for two months the sleighing has been excellent, and the merry bells continue jingling.

DELINQUENT TAXES.—The day of sale of delinquent tax property is fixed for February 15th, and, as there will be no postponement, delinquents must pay on or before that day, or all the desirable parcels will be sold to purchasers who have selected them. This is a fixed fact.

A CONCERT.—A concert will be given at Bryant's Hall on the evening of the 5th of February, under the management of Professor Heath. It promises to be a fine entertainment.

HOSPITAL FOR MINERS.—Assemblyman Hinewill has introduced a bill to appropriate \$100,000 for the purchase of a site, not to exceed five acres, and for the erection of a building for a Hospital for Miners.

GRAND CONCERT.—A fine concert will be given at Bryant's Hall on Thursday evening next, the 5th. There will be a dance after the concert.

LEE'S TRIAL.—The second trial of Lee, for the murder of his step-father, Keimborts, will commence on the 5th.

SCHOOL.—Will re-open on Monday next, when, it is to be hoped, the children will all be well and in attendance.

There will be less than \$1,000 delinquent taxes to be advertised, and much of that will be paid before the day of sale.

Dentistry.

Alonzo Hodgson, Dentist, of Carson City, Nev., will be in Bridgeport on Monday, February 24, to perform all kinds of dental operations. Will remain one month.

Terms reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed.

SUPERIOR COURT.

VINSON, Judge.

Joseph Allard, a native of Canada, admitted to citizenship—witnesses William Boardman and Albert Taylor.

In the matter of the Estate of Joseph Maguire, deceased, will proved, filed, and admitted to probate, and T. F. Fitzpatrick appointed executor, upon his filing a good and sufficient bond in the sum of \$22,000.

In the matter of Estate of Wm. Robson, deceased, D. M. Walters appointed administrator, upon his filing a good and sufficient bond in the sum of \$1,000.

In the matter of Estate of Jacob Weaver, deceased, D. M. Walters appointed administrator, upon his filing a good and sufficient bond in the sum of \$1,000.

EXPENSIVE ECONOMY.

We clip the following from the Lakeport (Lake county) Avalanche of January 22d.

"We hope the Board of Supervisors have had all they want of 'Chap-John Jim-Crow' newspapers, now that they have caused the people of the county to lose the sum of \$2,331 just because they wanted to send the patrons to the printing office that one of the members of the Board had a mortgage on. It would have been much cheaper for the county to have paid off the mortgage, bought the office and thrown it into the lake, and then had the printing done where all county printing should be done, at the County Seat. We are not making this complaint because we did not get the printing, for everybody knows that we never could expect such a thing, so we cannot be accused of being a sorehead in this matter. We simply complain because we know that all county printing should be done at the county seat to avoid just such mistakes as has been made this time. For some reason the notice for the collection of the License Tax was ordered published in the Lower Lake Press, and the copy was given to Mr. Wilson who was then on the Board, and either through neglect, or the neglect of the paper, the notice was not published in time, and the county has been wronged out of \$2,331. Some one is responsible for this loss. If it is Mr. Wilson he should be made to pay it; if it is the Press then its owners should be made to pay it, and if they are not worth it, then the county should look to the bondsmen of the official paper of the county, if the Board has neglected to compel them to give bonds, then they should be made to pay it. Among the minutes of the Grand Jury we find the following:

"District Attorney called to explain failure to collect license which it appears the failure was the result of neglect of county printer in publishing notice in proper time. On motion voted to request District Attorney to investigate the cause of failure to collect License Tax for last year, and if in his opinion there are persons in the employ of Lake county, or officers of the county, responsible for this loss, to proceed to collect the same from them."

It appears that there are two Democratic papers in Lake county—the Democrat and Press, the former published at Lakeport, the County Seat, and the latter at Lower Lake, distant fifteen miles. The Democratic Board of Supervisors, in designating the "Official Paper of the County," departed from the time honored custom of appointing a paper published at the County Seat, and selected the Press. This was the interested work of Supervisor Wilson who had an indirect interest in its publication through the holding of a mortgage on the office. The Press office—fifteen miles distant, not being within striking distance to the Court House, the License Notice in question was entrusted to a middleman—the mortgagee Wilson, and it is a fair proposition that it remained too long in his pocket at a loss to the county of \$2,331. This is a costly lesson for the taxpayers of Lake county.

POTATO, VIOK'S FAVORITE.—This variety has been grown and thoroughly tested, and the report comes from every quarter that it is one of the finest potatoes for general purposes. Its wonderful productiveness, fine appearance and good cooking qualities have made it a great favorite where known. The tubers grow compact in the hill, and are large and uniform in size, oblong inclining to oval, but generally flattened. Color white, with tinge of pink around the eyes, similar to the Hebron. The vine is of strong, vigorous growth, yet stocky and short jointed, maturing almost the same time as White Star. The introducer of this Potato, James Viok, seedsman, Rochester, N. Y., says it will prove of great value for field culture and become very popular. We advise our friends to send for Viok's Floral Guide, price only 10 cents, which amount may be deducted from the first order.

It is said that there is great consternation among mine owners in Nevada, because there is a bill before the Legislature to tax all patented mines in that State. Why should they not be taxed? They are property as much as a city or town lot, or a farm, and should bear their proportion of State and county expenses. They cannot be taxed until patented—so the U. S. Supreme Court says. The State of Nevada cannot afford to let up on any available taxable property.

MISCELLANEOUS.



THE VETERAN'S STORY.

His Escape from the Prison Pen at Salisbury, N. C.

I was one of the crowd of Union prisoners which dug the long tunnel and escaped from the prison pen at Salisbury, N. C., said a veteran to a New York Sun writer. Those of us who had worked the hardest had the first show on the night when we broke through into the railroad cut. As fast as we got out we took different directions, as had been planned. I went up the Yadkin river, hoping to get into Virginia. I had a \$30 gold piece—one which I had carried in my boot heel for three months, unknown to any one. It was given me by a citizen of Salisbury in exchange for \$3,000 worth of Confederate gold bonds.

I made fair progress to the North that night and the next day. As evening came again I was forced to stop at a farm-house and ask for something to eat. My request was readily granted, and when I rose to go the man of the house observed:

"Stranger, they say a lot of Yanks got clean out of the pen at Salisbury the other night."

"Is that so?"

"And they've scattered over the country like so many rabbits."

"Yes?"

"And they say that whoever brings one back gets a hundred dollars."

"Well?"

"Well, I reckon I'll hitch up to the cart and drive you back."

"What! Do you take me for an escaped Yankee prisoner?" I exclaimed.

"Sartin we do," replied the farmer and his wife in chorus.

"You are greatly mistaken. Would a Yankee prisoner have this about him?"

I laid the gold on the table. Perhaps it was the first twenty either had ever seen. It seemed a fortune to a poor family.

"I'm going to leave it with you," I continued. "You can give me some meat and meal and a bed-quilt for it."

They were perfectly satisfied of my identity and where I had come from, but the man held the gold in his hand and said:

"Mother, he'un can't be no Yank."

"In co'se he ain't," she replied.

"He'un must be a Confederat contractor lookin' after hogs an' co'n."

"I reckon."

"An' it's our dooty to help he'un get through."

"Of co'se."

"Then you put up the stuff fur him, while I tell him the best route, an' in case any sojers call here an' ask if we uns have seen any of them Yankee prisoners, we uns is to say to they uns that we uns haven't seen a hair or heard a hoot."

I was captured near Rockford and returned to the pen, but it was no fault of the people who gave me such a lift on my way.

CHARLIE'S MUSTACHE.

It Was Very Small, But Its Owner Was Very Proud of It.

A young man and his girl were at the People's Theater the other night, says Texas Sittings. The young man carried his head on one side, it being forced into that position by the weight of a very tender mustache, which was composed of seven hairs upon one side and eleven upon the other side of his nose. The comedian on the stage had brought a laugh by some allusion to a boy's first shaving encounter with a barber, when the young man leaned over to his girl and whispered:

"That's true to life, I can tell you."

"How do you know?" inquired the girl.

"How do I know?" he repeated, in a whisper: "why, by experience, of course; that was the way with me when I first got shaved."

"When was that?" she asked, innocently.

"Oh, before I raised my mustache," he returned, moving uneasily.

"What mustache?" she queried, a little surprised.

"What mustache do you suppose?" he retorted, turning red.

"Why, Charlie," whispered the girl, "I never saw any mustache. Do you mean—"

"Never mind what I mean," hissed the young man through his front teeth, and became silent. There was lots of fun in the play, but Charlie never laughed again. He took the young woman home, but on the following Sunday night he went to see another girl.

WESTERN CIVILITY.

A Most Compliment Paid a Pretty Girl by a Bashful Cowboy.

Here is a very neat little story, from the St. Louis Republic, illustrative of the fact that even the wild and woolly West can produce a natural-born Chesterfield upon occasion. At a party given last winter was a bashful cowboy, who had not been in civilized society for several years. He was a good-looking fellow, and one of the young ladies present kindly took an interest in him and tried to make him feel at ease. He fell desperately in love at once and the hostess noticing this encouraged him all she could. In leaving the house the young lady who had taken a friendly interest in the cowboy forgot her overshoes, and the hostess told the young Lochinvar from the plains that he might return them to the girl if he wished.

The herder leaped at the chance, and presented himself in due time at the young lady's house. She was surprised to see him but greeted him cordially. "You forgot your overshoes last night," said he awkwardly, handing her the package.

She thanked him and opened it. "Why, there's only one overshoe here," she exclaimed.

"Yes, Miss," said the blushing vaquero, earnestly. "I'll bring round the other one to-morrow, and I only wish to God, Miss, that you were a centipede."

He Mistook the Sign.

A colored brother once applied for license to preach on the ground that he had seen as a sign in the sky the letters "G. P. C.," which he regarded as a call to "Go preach Christ." But an aged minister assured him that he had mistaken the revelation; that it meant: "Go plow corn."

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.

Women Who Have Recently Won Considerable Distinction.

Feats Accomplished by a German Traveler and His Wife—Mrs. Littledale's Adventures in Asia—Mountains Explored by Miss Dowle.

Several women have won considerable distinction within the past few months in the way of mountain climbing, says the New York Sun. Mount Clarence, the great summit on the mountain Fernando Po, near the west coast of Africa, was recently ascended by a German traveler and his wife, who passed unscathed among the Bube villages that have been such a terror to all explorers. These people have been regarded as a mysterious people simply because they were not known. Several men have tried in vain to penetrate the central portion of the island and ascend Mount Clarence, but a European woman was in the first party that got to the top.

Another remarkable journey, of which news has just come, is that of Mrs. Littledale and her husband, who have crossed the great Central Asiatic range of the Hindu Kush. Here are the loftiest peaks of the globe, though this chain of mountains, which a woman has now helped to conquer, has attracted less attention than the Himalayan range lying to the East, on account of its inaccessibility and the supposed hostility of the tribes. The only explorers who have been in this region are native Indian surveyors, sent out by the Indian Government in the guise of peddlers and merchants, and we have depended upon their reports for our information about this country.

It is not yet known how Mr. and Mrs. Littledale succeeded in getting over these mountains, but a telegram from Calcutta announces that their journey has been safely completed. They crossed the mountains at a point a little northwest of Cashmere. This is undoubtedly the first time in Central Asia that a white woman was with the party which did the pioneer exploring in a region that was supposed to be inaccessible to white men.

The most remarkable woman climber of the past year is Miss Mene Dowle, an adventurous Scotch girl, who spent last summer traveling alone among the Carpathian mountains, in the northeast part of Austro-Hungary, on horseback and on foot, with no companion except the peasant who attended her. For ten weeks in this wild region she lived among the Galician peasantry, conforming entirely to their ways of life. Night after night, when up in the high mountains, she slept in the open air, wrapped only in a cloak. She had reason to know now and then in her solitude that wildcats, bears and wolves exist in considerable number in the Carpathians, and are rather more curious to look out all about a stranger than was comfortable for her. But she says there is no real obstacle to a girl traveling alone from London to the Russian frontier.

Probably not one girl in ten thousand, however, would think there was any fun in traveling as Miss Dowle did. She seldom wore shoes when climbing the mountains, for they were slippery, and she found she could ascend a steep slope in greater comfort barefoot, with her footgear slung around her neck. She met with a number of accidents, and was very near drowned once while bathing. But she returned home very brown and healthy and very enthusiastic over her unique summer tour. She says she is going back to Galicia again, but she hopes that her description of the journey will not induce any other girl to follow her example, for the hardships of the journey, she thinks, would in most cases more than offset its pleasant and romantic features. She says no one can travel among this mountain peasantry without believing that Poland will one day be on her feet again. The people cling to their love of the old nationality and have unshaken faith that Poland will one day again wear its crown.

The young lady read a paper on her summer's adventures before the British Association. The paper showed how admirably a young lady may study geography, for it was full of interesting information, and the great geographer, flaveststein, said, in moving a vote of thanks, that Miss Dowle was more entitled to be called a real geographer than many of those who went much further afield.

In our own White mountains not a few ladies perform feats of mountaineering which a good many of their brethren do not care to undertake. Some people who have gone up Tuckerman's ravine and found their feet weighing fifty pounds apiece at the top, have wondered that any woman should attempt this hardest of Mount Washington climbs; but for weeks at a time in the season hardly a day elapses that one or more ladies do not make this ascent, clambering in the last one thousand feet over bare rocks where the route is indicated only by daubs of white paint. A few ladies also have made the journey over the northern peaks to the top of Mount Washington, while any number of them have traveled along the bridge path leading from the Tipton House to Crawford's. Every season sees quite a number of women in the White mountains who pride themselves upon their capabilities as mountaineers, and there is nothing in the New Hampshire peaks that they will not attempt.

Wanted to Change Shoes.

It is related of a horse at Jameville, Wis., noted for his intelligence, that during a recent storm, finding that his shoes were too smooth for comfort during a slippery trip, he pushed the barn door open and started on a steady trot for the blacksmith's. Once in the shop he stood back and waited his turn as decorously as though "going-a-shopping" on his own hook was an every day occurrence. Finally one of the men brought out his tools and began tapping on the four-footed customer's shoes as though putting on a new set. The animal showed unmistakable signs of approval, and when the hammering was finished trotted out and made his way home, perfectly contented.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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IMPLEMENTS.

THE SAMPLE FIEND.

He Is Not a Favorite with Wholesale Merchants.

Fellers Who Sell for Samples of Every Thing Under the Sun and Never May a Dollar's Worth—The Habit Has Become a Vice.

Merchants in this city, says the New York Sun, are sorely pestered by cranks and others who write letters asking for samples. Nothing is too big or too small for the fiends (that's what the merchants call them) to ask for. Any thing of value, from a jeweled watch to a package of oatmeal, a bag of flour, a paper-covered half-dime novel, a gilt-edged Bible bound in morocco, all have been and are asked for by the sample searchers. A fourteenth street piano house less than a week ago got a letter from a dealer in a Western city asking him to ship a sample piano. "I would like to sell the piano you manufacture," the dealer said, "because I have been told that it is the best. If you will ship the one as a sample, of course, I will pay the freight, and cartage expenses in New York if there are any."

A Broadway house got three letters about to lay in a stock of blankets, comforters and rugs for the winter. I am going to make a special department in my store this winter for this kind of goods. I have not bought any of my stock yet, and I am very busy and can't spare the time to come to New York and look at things myself. Won't you please send me a sample of each of the goods I want to buy, and if I like them I may give you an order for all my stock."

Another Broadway house got a letter almost identical from another person in another town. In both cases the drummers were sent instead of the samples. The first request was really from a dealer in dry goods in a small way, and the drummer got an order large enough to pay him for his trip. The other drummer had a different experience. When he got to the town he looked all around for a store kept by the writer of the note. He didn't find any. He went to the post-office, and there learned that the man he was looking for was a clerk in a grocery store. He was a young fellow who had recently been married, he said, and he didn't want to buy any. He thought that if the firm he wrote to was foolish enough to send him a supply he would be the gainer. He didn't see any thing wrong in asking for them. The drummer threatened to have him arrested for attempting to obtain the things under false pretense, and then left him.

It is the demands of the seekers after small things that create the most trouble. Almost all merchants are willing to send samples of their small wares to anyone who has any idea of purchasing, but it is estimated that at least one-half of the requests for samples come from persons who never buy, and who really have no use for and don't want the samples that they ask for. They seem to write simply with the idea of getting something for nothing.

The sample habit is not of recent origin. Thirty years ago, at an American Institute fair, a man who had a patent flour to sell made griddle cakes and muffins and gave them to visitors as samples. That was the beginning of the thing. Some years later the proprietors of large retail stores advertised that they would gladly send samples of their wares to persons who lived out of town and who could not afford to come to New York. This enabled purchasers to see what they were buying before they sent their money through the mails. They sent these advertisements that fully developed the habit, and where it used to take a few dollars, or at most a few hundred, a year to supply the demand for samples, it now takes thousands. Large houses have special sample departments and employ extra clerks in them, keeping them busy at all seasons of the year. Hundreds of dollars are spent for postage alone, and thousands more for the goods that are given away. There are many houses in this city that receive from 15,000 to 20,000 requests for samples a year, and there are several that receive four and five times that number. Fully 85 per cent. of the requests come from women, and of those 70 per cent. are from married women.

The habit does not seem to have taken a very strong hold on men, but large clothing houses and tailors say that they get a good many letters and spend a good deal of money for samples. They save a good deal by cutting up the odd pieces of cloth that they can not use in the manufacture of the clothing, and sending them as samples.

"The sample habit," said a merchant, with whom a reporter talked, "has about reached its greatest development. I think. The merchants built it up and they will have to kill it off. It has become too large a drain, and is eating into profits to an alarming extent. Of course, it will never be got rid of entirely, for it isn't desirable to do so. Some method will have to be discovered by which the people who send for samples of things they don't want may be found out. When they are checked off we won't complain."

What a Handy Man Can Do.

A young volunteer in a light cavalry regiment quartered up country in Algeria was in despair at having lost the back case of his watch, which was likely to become a depository for rather more desert sand than is compatible with regular time-keeping. "Can't you rig up something that will take its place?" he asked his orderly, who was a jack of all trades, and who had been apprenticed to a watch-maker before he went into the army. "I will see what I can do, sergeant," was the reply. Next morning, at the first trumpet call, the good fellow entered the tent of his superior and handed him his watch shining like a small warming-pan in the sun. "How, in the devil's name, did you manage so cleverly?" "Well, you see, sergeant, I just went out and had a bout with the hand, and the trombone being rather the worse for liquor I was able to abstract the valve of his instrument and easily hammered it into shape."

FOND OF THE WEED.

Cigarettes and Cigars Enjoyed by Emperors, Queens and Princesses.

The Empress Elizabeth, of Austria, smokes from thirty to forty Turkish and Russian cigarettes a day, and for many years, says London Tid-Bits, it has been her inveterate custom to puff away after dinner at a strong Italian cigar, one of those with a straw running through it, and which is brought to her with her cup of Turkish coffee every evening on a gold salver.

On her writing table are always a large silver box of repousse work filled with cigarettes, a match-box of carved Chinese jade, and a capacious ash receiver. Almost mechanically her Majesty lights cigarette after cigarette as she sits in her great writing-room at Odololo, which is fitted up with carved oak panels and Gobelins tapestries; the somber hue of the walls being relieved here and there by trophies of the chase.

The Czarina of Russia, who is likewise one of the vassals of King Nicotine, smokes in a somewhat more indolent and almost Oriental fashion. Stretched on the silken cushions of a broad, low divan, at Oatschina, she follows dreamily with her beautiful, dark eyes the rings of blue smoke that her crimson lips part to send upward into the perfumed air of her boudoir—a boudoir which she calls her "den," and which is copied from one of the loveliest rooms of the Alhambra, with palms raising their banners against the gorgeous colors and dispersed gold of the walls.

Queen Marguerite, of Italy, is another of the royal ladies who see no harm in the use of tobacco. Her flashing black eyes look laughingly through fragrant clouds of smoke, and she is wont to declare that her cigarette is more essential to her comfort than any thing else in life.

Christina, Queen Regent of Spain, is a great devotee of tobacco. She consumes a large quantity of Egyptian cigarettes, and there is nothing chamber little "Tubi," his Majesty, King Alfonso XIII, enjoys more than when his mother permits him to strike a match, and apply the flame to the end of her cigarette.

The smoking paraphernalia of the beautiful ex-Queen Natalie of Serbia is of the most elaborate and magnificent description, while the poet-Queen of Roumania, so well known in the literary world under the pseudonym of "Carmen Sylva," is content with the gold cigarette case suspended to her choker. The Comtesse de Paris, the Queen de France, is addicted to mild Havanas of delicious flavor, and her daughter, Queen Amelia, of Portugal, is a source of considerable fortune to the manufacturers of cigarettes at Dresden.

A DELIGHTFUL WOMAN.

How a Wisconsin Farmer's Daughter Treated a Proposal.

Miss Kate Cummings, who lives with her parents on a farm in Winnebago, Wis., can beat any man in the county moving hay, says the New York World. She wears boots and a waterproof, with a felt hat and linsey-woolsey dress, and mounted on the moving-machine, she is as handsome as a Hebe. Kate has had a great many admirers, and the admirers have had a great many difficulties to overcome.

One of them had the audacity to swear out a warrant for her arrest on the charge of assault with malicious intent. Rufus Sloan was hired by Mr. Cummings for harvest work, and while turning the new-mown hay he fell in love with Kate. Every time she came around on her chariot, pushing the sickle a little further into the standing grain, Rufus would take his hat off and throw a handful of kisses at her. The young lady did not like this performance and told him so.

Then Rufus asked her to pull up, as he had something to say to her. She drew the horses in, pushed her red hair behind her ears, and with fire in her blue-gray eyes said:

"Well?"

Then Rufus planted his pitchfork in the stubble for a rest, told her he wanted a wife, and offered her the position. She curled up her nose, wrinkled her brow with scorn, and answered:

"You? Bah!"

This was too much for Rufus, who jabbed her in the side with his pitchfork. Kate screamed; the horses started. In his excitement the brute swung got on the sickle side of the mower. The lady saw her advantage, seized the lines, and chased the fleeing lover all over the field, screaming that she would mow him down and cut his ugly legs off.

ENOUGH FOR A NIGHTCAP.

Charitable Persons Put Pennies in a Convivial Statesman's Hat.

The following story is told by the Chicago Herald of a politician, and it can be taken for what it is worth. He was a pretty good sort of fellow in his way, this politician, but he had a way of going off occasionally and imbibing liquor with his constituents. One night recently he went off more than over. He drank beyond his limit and got into that condition when all the world is rosy and life is a great big joke. He wandered around to various drinking shops in his neighborhood and took additional consignments of hilarity aboard at every stopping place. About midnight he concluded to take a walk. His walk was not long, but it was long enough to tire him out, and he dropped on a doorstep on a dark corner of a cross street. His hat fell into his lap, his head dropped over on his shoulder and he was soon sound asleep. In the darkness he looked like a poor beggar seeking for alms rather than the well-dressed politician he had been a few hours before. The upturned hat in his lap seemed to appeal for pennies. Several passers-by noticed what they supposed to be a beggar sitting there, and in the kindness of their hearts they dropped nickels and pennies into the hat. It was in this position that a number of the friends of the disheveled politician found him a few hours later. When they woke him he discovered, much to his surprise and chagrin, that the charitable public had contributed seventy-six cents to his treasury while he slept. "Seventy-six cents, eh?" said he, as he counted out the money. "Well, boys, that'll just buy a nightcap."

GOSSIP FROM GERMANY.

Interesting Bits of Information Picked Up by Eugene Field.

The Empress of Germany is a daughter of the Duchess Adelheid, of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg. The latter is a singularly modest and reserved personage, quite unused to display and display, writes Eugene Field, in the Chicago News. She is in the habit of traveling about in the strictest kind. Recently she went to Vienna and, as the Comtesse de Wolfersdorf, hired apartments in a bourgeois part of the city. The landlord treated her as he might have treated any other elderly lady whose only visitors were her physician and a few solemn-looking friends. One day, however, this landlord was struck nearly agape when the Empress of Germany (who happened to be visiting Vienna) whirled up in front of the modest mansion and inquired after the Comtesse de Wolfersdorf. After this imposing visitor had departed the landlord scuttled up to his lodger's apartments.

"Do you know, Madame la Comtesse," he inquired, breathlessly, "who your caller is? Why, it was the Emperor of Germany."

"Of course," answered the old lady, quietly; "he happens to be my son-in-law."

The sister of this estimable woman is the wife of Dr. Esmarch, an eminent surgeon who is very chummy with the Kaiser. It seems rather curious (doesn't it?) that an Emperor of Germany should have for his uncle a professor of Kiel university!

The German girls are beginning to complain with considerable bitterness that American and English girls are encroaching upon their preserves. Very many Americans and English send their daughters to Germany to be educated; the pretty dears not only master the language in a short time—quite as quickly and as easily they make a conquest of the hearts of the susceptible German officers.

The number of army officers in Germany with American and English wives is very great, and the fact appears to be doing mischief. In Dresden particularly the English and Americans are in great demand; the native maidens (be she over so pretty) seems to have no chance at all. In Berlin there is a fancy for a peculiar style of feminine beauty; the Berliners admire brown eyes and hair and a dark, clear complexion; these features argue amiability, fidelity and gentle breeding, they claim. The German girls complain that the American girls are natural adepts in affairs of the heart—that they seem endowed by nature with all the arts, the audacity and the confidence of the average young widow.

THE MOTION DENIED.

His Honor Stood Up for the Rights of the Opposing Counsel.

The late Judge Blackman was very particular in requiring attorneys to observe the rules of practice. In a particular case, says the Albany Law Journal, Lawyer T. had sued out a writ of capias. Lawyer L. moved to quash the writ, and was proceeding with his argument, when the court interrupted him with the following query: The court—

"What are you reading from, sir?"

Lawyer L.—"From a work on logic, your honor."

The court—"Did you give Brother T. notice that you were going to read from a work on logic?"

Lawyer L.—"Of course not, your honor."

The court—"Are you aware, sir, of the rule of court which requires notice to be given of matters which would be liable to surprise the attorney on the other side?"

Lawyer L.—"Yes, your honor; but the rule has no application to a matter of this kind. The court—"

"I don't know, sir; I don't know. I know of nothing that would surprise Brother T. more than logic, and if you haven't given him notice that you are going to read from a work on logic, why I can't permit you to read it, and I shall have to deny your motion with costs."

CAREFUL CREDITORS.

How His Tailor Knew That He Had Been in Europe.

"Perhaps," said a business man to a New York Tribune reporter, "there are a good many of us who believe that all the world has absolute confidence in our honesty; but there are so many schemes creditors have for keeping an eye on debtors that the honest men are watched as carefully as the dishonest ones. When I went to Europe last summer I owed my tailor two or three hundred dollars, I suppose."

"When I returned I went around to him to order my fall clothes."

"How do you do, Mr. L.—" said he. "How did you enjoy your trip to Europe?"

"Now I had gone away quietly and had returned no less quietly. Not a dozen of my friends knew when I started or when I got back."

"Europe!" I said. "What do you mean?" and I looked at him banteringly.

"Why," said he, "I mean your last trip. I see that you returned only last week."

"Where did you see it?" I asked.

"He stopped for a moment and looked embarrassed."

"Come, now," I said, "how did you know I had gone to Europe or that I had returned?"

"To tell you the truth, Mr. L.—"

AN AWFUL CALAMITY.

It Was Averted by the Presence of Mind of a Stupid-Looking Man.

We had come down from a Virginia watering place in the mountains to a small railroad station on the banks of Cheat river, writes a Detroit Free Press correspondent. The tracks could be seen for about half a mile either way, and the roadbed ran within six feet of the bank. There was nothing to be seen but a very plain building, a water tank and a man seated on a box with his back to the building and sound asleep. We sat down on a rock on the opposite side of the track for a smoke, and had been quiet for two or three minutes when the sleeping man suddenly sprang to his feet with a yell. We hadn't heard the slightest noise to alarm him, neither had any of us given him a start. But as he sprang down the track and looked up and down we heard that queer noise which the rails give out when a train is approaching.

There was a switch there running alongside the platform, but the rusty rails showed it was seldom used. The lever to throw it was a hundred feet above us. At the lower end a tie was placed across the rails.

An on-looker on the track we saw two runaway freight cars coming down at a wild pace. As we looked down the track we saw the day express coming around a curve. We did not stir a foot, but the man who had slept in the sun ran to the bar and threw it over. Then he ran to the end of the switch and slewed the tie around diagonally. He did not have time to move thirty feet before the cars ran upon the switch with an awful clatter, traveled its length in two seconds, and as the wheel struck the tie the cars toppled over to the left and made one long jump into the river, splashing water fifty feet high as they struck. They were floating away as the express pulled in.

"What's the matter?" asked the conductor.

"Oh—nothing; I just switched those cars into the river," replied the man.

Never a passenger on that train knew what had happened. The man's quick wit had saved an awful calamity, yet he was the stupidest-looking man you ever saw holding a position.

SLAVE'S ROMANCE.

Reunited at Eighty with the Husband of Her Youth.

A colored woman, bent nearly double with eighty years and a heavy bundle, was seen to board the Cincinnati Mail line packet yesterday afternoon, says the Louisville (Ky.) Post. Approaching the clerk of the boat she slowly unfolded a knot in the corner of her red bandana handkerchief and produced enough cash to purchase a dock ticket for Cincinnati. The wrinkled and feeble old negroess is the heroine of a romance. In ante-bellum days she was a slave and was owned by a planter near Asheville, N. C. At an early age she was married to a slave of the same master. By him she had several children. Over half a century ago her husband was torn from her and her children and was sold to another planter. The woman continued to work on the North Carolina planta-

tion, and in a short time was again married. Her whole family was then put on the block and sold to a Virginia man. When the emancipation proclamation was promulgated the family took advantage of their freedom and journeyed northward, finally taking up their home in Louisville. The husband died before the close of the war, and the children were by one left their mother to seek their fortunes elsewhere. The mother, who had labored to make a livelihood, she heard nothing of her first husband until about a month ago, when one of her sons found that the old man was living in Newport, Ky. The old negroess journeyed thither and found the husband of her youth. He had also been married the second time and had several children by the second wife. The latter was dead, however, and the reunited couple decided to again live together. The woman returned to Louisville, disposed of her effects, and yesterday afternoon completed the romance of fifty years by returning to her husband.

Curious Case of Somnambulism.

The Hartwell (Ga.) Sun relates this curious case of somnambulism: "A little boy in Hartwell, aged twelve years, walks in his sleep frequently. In the front yard of his father's house is a large rosebush, and whenever he walks in his sleep he gets up, takes a pillow and quilt or coverlet off the bed and carries them to the rosebush and spreads them down beneath that. A few nights ago the writer was there. The little boy was lying on his bed asleep, but the family had not noticed. While we were conversing the boy got up and pulled a coverlet and pillow off the bed. We were told to watch him. He walked out of the door and straight to the rosebush, where he deposited the pillow and coverlet. His mother called to him, and told him to bring them back in the house. He obeyed, and lay down on the bed without ever awakening. He has done this many times."

A Singular Discovery.

A singular discovery has been made at the Cobham (Eng.) work-house. For two years a girl has been suffering with what was supposed to be a diseased knee joint, and grave fears were entertained that she must lose her leg. The medical officer, when examining the knee a few days ago, discovered the presence of a foreign substance imbedded in the knee, and after much difficulty succeeded in extracting a hair-pin. How it came there, and how long it has been in the knee, is a mystery. The knee is now rapidly healing.

A Florida Terrapin Farm.

A terrapin farm is described by the Fernandina (Fla.) News. It is an enclosure about twenty feet square, one-half of it filled with loose sand, and a tank occupying the rest of the space. The tank is below tide level, and at high tide the salt water runs from the marsh to a depth of four feet. The tank is all perforated with holes, and the owner, digging down with his fingers, unearthed some baby terrapins and two logs.

MEXICAN PULQUE.

A Liquor That Requires Three Days to Get in Its Proper Work.

General George A. Sheridan gives his experience with Mexican pulque, as reported in the New York Press. "In the Hoffman House cafe a couple of evenings ago a party of gentlemen were discussing the national beverages of various nations, when one of them asked: 'Have you ever tried Mexican pulque?' The word has the sound of 'pulky,' and there was a moment's silence, until General George A. Sheridan, the politician, orator, lecturer and wit, replied: 'Well, you can just bet your sweet life that I have tried pulque, and I don't wait any more of it in mine.' He went on in this strain: 'I tried that liquor in its native jungle. I found him in his native lair in the City of Mexico when I was down there five years ago. Of course I had numerous American acquaintances there, and they wanted to be kind to me, and we went into one of their places of resort, and I was duly asked what I would have, with the suggestion that I should try pulque. As they told me, and very delightful! I tried it. The taste was not pleasant on the first round, but the effect was delightful. I took another, and to my surprise the effect was just the same. That is to say, I felt not the slightest degree greater stimulation or exhilaration than after I had taken the first drink of it. I separated from these friends and met others who treated me with the same consideration and kindness. I took more pulque. But it did not seem to intoxicate me or raise me above a certain even degree of stimulation, and I said to myself, this is the most marvelous beverage I have ever run across. When I met other friends I tried more pulque. In all, by midnight, I think I tested ten or twelve glasses of the Mexican beverage. When I went to bed I was feeling splendid, but not in the slightest degree intoxicated. I woke up about three o'clock the next day, and I pledge you my word that if I know any thing about my condition I was as tight as a club man after a spree. I didn't know where I was or what I was doing. It was three days before I recovered my senses enough to know that I was in the City of Mexico. You can bet your sweet life that I want no more pulque in mine."

SAMUEL BRADBURN.

How He Satisfied Two Fellows in Search of Fun.

An incident in the course of one of Bradburn's journeys was discussed by an old minister, who had the best evidence of its authenticity—evidence which was afterwards confirmed by Bradburn's nearest relatives and biographer. The incident, says the Sunday Magazine, shows that his wit could be merciless when saucily provoked. He had come to a roadside inn to wait for the stage-coach. While waiting, another passenger arrived—a young Lord, attended by his valet. The young gentleman was lively, but summered slightly in conversation. On seeing Bradburn, whose personal appearance would attract attention, the gray young fellow, speaking aside to the landlady, said:

"Y-o-o-u-o-n have a parson here."

"He's a Methodist preacher, my Lord," said she.

"Oh, then, I-I'll have a-a bit of fun with him." Approaching Bradburn, he said:

"P-p-pray, sir, c-o-o-o-o-o you t-tell me how it is that H-a-B-a-l-a-u-m's ass spoke?"

Bradburn, who knew that if you look full at a stammerer you increase his difficulty, replied:

"What did you say, sir?"

"P-p-pray, sir, c-o-o-o-o-o you tell me h-h-how it was t-h-a-t H-a-B-a-l-a-u-m's ass spoke?"

"What do you say, sir?" cried Bradburn, looking sternly into his face, and putting his hand to his ear.

"P-p-p-p-p-p-p-p-p-p," stuttered the fun-maker, and stood with distorted face, unable to put his question.

His valet came to his rescue, and, bowing to Bradburn, said:

"My Lord wishes to know, sir, whether your can inform him how it was that H-a-l-a-u-m's ass spoke?"

"I don't know, sir," was the answer, "unless it was that Balaam stammered so badly himself that he hired his ass to speak for him."

Both master and man had found fun enough.

TWO INTELLIGENT DOGS.

Canines That Possess More Sense and Fidelity Than Some Men.

There are two dogs in this city that surpass, in point of intelligence, the celebrated bear-bound that nightly appears with Prof. Darling, the lion trainer in the Lion's cage in "Claudius Nero," says the New York Telegram. If you have ever walked up Broadway late in the afternoon or evening you have probably noticed the old blind beggar who sits at the corner of Broadway and Thirtieth street; with him is a dog of the breed commonly known as the "yellow cur," yet one glance at the animal is enough to convince any one that he is a dog of more than ordinary intelligence. When the old blind beggar is ready to go home the dog leads the way, the old man holding him by a string attached to his collar. At every crossing the dog barks once. If there are wagons or carriages passing the dog will bark twice, and the old blind beggar will wait patiently until a tug on the string he holds informs him that the street is clear and that his guide is ready to proceed. At other times the dog has a habit of whining pitiously to attract attention to the beggar's outstretched hand, and the whine rarely fails to produce the desired effect. Somewhere in the neighborhood, generally about Twenty-fifth or Twenty-ninth street and Sixth avenue, you will come across another blind beggar and a dog. The latter is a shaggy bound, and knows his business quite as well as his Broadway rival does. He, too, has a habit of whining to attract attention, but the sort that makes him famous is the manner he goes through a crowd. If the crowd is a big one and the dog can see no way of going through he will growl ominously. The crowd scatters at once, and the dog, with a wag of his tail, proceeds with the old man who owns him.

ORIGINS OF PHRASES.

Where Some of the Popular Expressions of the Day Came From.

The phrase "I acknowledge the count" originated with a slave in the South, says the Detroit Free Press. He was charged with stealing corn found in his possession. Having a sack with him, he was also charged with stealing that. His reply was: "No, sir, I know corn, but I ain't gwine to 'knowledge de sack."

"Tipping the wink," generally regarded as a vulgar phrase, is to be found in a grave historical romance. It occurs in "Valerius; a Roman Story," by John Gibson Lockhart, Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law, and for many years editor of the Quarterly Review.

"Any color, so it's red," originated among the class of characters called jakeys in the local drama. One of them being on a committee appointed to procure a new fire engine, was asked what color the company desired the apparatus painted. He replied: "Why, any color, so it's red."

The origin of the phrase "I can't see it" is traced to Lord Nelson, who, at the battle of Copenhagen, was told that a signal was given to cease firing and the direction pointed out to him. Seizing a telescope, he applied it to his blind eye, and exclaimed: "I can't see it."

"Hauling over the coals" dates six or seven centuries back, when feudal barons often used harsh methods of exacting gold from the rich Jews by suspending their victims above a fire until they paid ransom or died. There is a scene of this sort in "Ivanhoe," in which the Templar endeavors to extort money from Isaac of York, father of Rebecca.

"Barking up the wrong tree" is a very common expression in the West. It originated from the fact that a dog will bark at the foot of a particular tree to indicate to his master where the game is located. While endeavoring to see the animal, he discovers it on another tree, and it finally escapes him altogether. In its application it denotes that a person has mistaken his object, or is looking for it in the wrong place.

Anxious mothers often tell their handsome daughters that "beauty is but skin deep." The phrase probably originated with these two lines: Beauty is but skin deep, and sooth fall short of those statues made of wood or stone, which occurred in Rev. Robert Fleming's poem, published in 1691.

The term "blue stocking" was originally used in Venice about the year 1400, to designate literary classes by colors. In Mill's "History of Chivalry" we are told that members of the various academies were distinguished by the color of their stockings, blue being the prevailing color. The application of the term to women originated with Miss Jannab More's admirable description of a "Blue Stocking Club" in her "Bea Bleu."

"Corporations have no souls" is a much older expression than most people imagine. It originated with Sir Edward Coke, who in the sixteenth century was considered one of the best legal writers of the age. He says, in one of his treatises: "Corporations can not commit trespass, nor be outlawed, nor excommunicated, for they have no souls."

"Drowning the miller" originated from the following fact: If the mill stream below the mill is dammed or stopped, the water is ponded back, and the mill becomes what the millers call "tailed." There is too much water, the mill will not work, and the miller is said to be "drowned out." Hence, when too much of any one article is put into a mixture it is called "drowning the miller."

There are few such common-sense proverbs as "every man is the architect of his own fortune." Appian Claudius, a Roman censor, used it in a speech delivered by him fifty years before the Christian era.

Not a few of the phrases in use at this day originated with Lyly, and are found in his "Euphuos," a popular book published in 1580. Among them might be mentioned "caught napping," "crooked stick or none," "brown study," "catching birds by putting salt on their tails," etc.

When people do not particularly like each other it is sometimes said "there is no love lost between them." The phrase occurs in the old ballad of "The Babes of the Wood," and in a tale of the days of Shakespeare, entitled "Montecency."

COMPLEXION MAKING.

Two or Three Fresh Suggestions by Ladies Who Used to Give Advice.

Ten hours' sleep out of the twenty-four, a walk of at least four miles a day in the air, brown bread, no coffee, no sweets, vigorous rubbing in cold water every morning and the simplest, purest toilet articles—that is Mrs. Kendall's prescription for a nice skin, and the delicacy and fairness of her own face gives proof of its efficacy.

Another somewhat new way for procuring a good complexion, says the New York Journal, is to take a sponge bath in tepid salt water every morning before breakfast, plenty of exercise and nourishing, easily-digested food.

A pretty little woman said with a sigh, as she laid down a fresh list of axioms for beautifying the person: "It is just enough to wear any one all out to follow half the directions written now for making you beautiful. I've tried them all. I've used vaseline and glycerine, acid, cocoanut oil and almond paste, rose water and lemon juice. I have bathed in boiling water and ice water, and in tepid water and in milk and water. I have washed my face with a cloth of the roughest crash I could buy and rubbed the very outside off in my struggles to follow out the directions, and I have half washed it, as I would a bit of porcelain, with the softest flannel I could find. I think the worst of all was when I didn't wash it at all for awhile, because some one said the hard water here in New York would cause wrinkles, so I wiped it off with one thing and another as long as I could bear it, or rather until just before I had ruined my skin entirely, when my husband suggested that I try just keeping plain clean for awhile, and, do you know, I haven't had a bit of trouble since."